

GEMS
OF
AMERICAN SCENERY

WHITE MOUNTAINS.







WHITE MOUNTAINS.



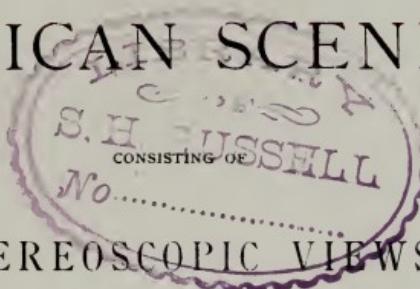
Hold the book as shown above.

Place the lenses close to the eyes, keeping both open.

Secure a position where the right strikes the picture.

Adjust the focus to suit your eyes by moving the adjustable flap, which holds the lenses, forward or back, remembering that but **one picture** is to be developed out of the **two in the illustration**, and until this is secured, you fail to obtain that beautiful natural effect which the Stereoscope will produce.



GEMS
OF
AMERICAN SCENERY,

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS

AMONG THE
WHITE MOUNTAINS.

WITH DESCRIPTIVE TEXT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE ARTOTYPE PROCESS.
BIERSTADT PATENT, MARCH 21, 1876.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN presenting this work to the public it has not been our purpose to issue an ordinary guide-book, filled with mere records of routes, hotels, prices, &c.; we have rather sought to avoid such details, and have bestowed our attention on the natural scenery of the mountains. We have endeavored to produce a book which will serve as a souvenir to visitors and which will not be thrown aside after a few days, but will always be looked at with pleasure.

For attaining the present excellence of our illustrations we are largely indebted to the "Artotype Process," by means of which we not only produce pictures at less cost, but fully equal to ordinary photographs in brilliancy, with the additional advantage of permanency. Instead of the unstable salts of silver, our illustrations are printed in permanent pigments, and will retain their brilliancy as long as the paper lasts on which they are printed.

The best form of prismatic lens is adopted. Their arrangement is new and perfect, and they are so carefully adjusted that the stereoscopic effect is seen as easily as with the most costly instrument made.

The greatest care possible has been used in selecting the various subjects for illustrations, in order to have only those points that would prove most interesting to the public. Appended to each picture is a short description of the place it represents, containing many facts which may interest the reader.

The perfection of the whole arrangement is such that we feel it must commend itself to all lovers of natural scenery.

Before describing in detail any particular part of the mountains, perhaps a short historical account of the

region and of some of the associations connected with it would interest the reader.

Long before the European settlers had broken the solitude which reigned over the New England coast, the White Mountains had been the object of the Indians' fear and veneration. Their savage minds were early impressed by the wildness and grandeur of the scene. They saw the Great Spirit in the lofty hills and the thunders of the elements. Here they performed their simple rites and ceremonies, without molestation, for ages, and nearly every spot gained fresh interest from some weird story or legend which had been handed down through many generations. Some of the beautiful names they gave to the rivers, mountains and lakes still survive : such as Ammonoosuc, Chocorua, Kiarsarge, Win-nipisaukee. Mt. Washington they called Agiochook, "The Mountain of the Snowy Forehead;" and so, nearly every name suggested some feature of the spot to which it belonged, or recalled some story connected with it. But like the people themselves, the names have been pushed aside by the innovations of the less poetical and more practical explorers, eager to bestow honor on their earthly divinities.

The height and situation of the mountains, so near the coast and visible far out at sea, made it extremely improbable that they would long remain unexplored by the hardy settlers. Accordingly we find that in 1631 or 1632, only eleven years after the landing of the Mayflower, they were visited by Walter Neal and others. These were probably the first white men who had ever trod there, though undoubtedly many of the early visits have never been recorded. In 1642, Darby Field, an Irishman, traveling with Indian guides, made the ascent to the summit. His description of the journey is given at some length in "Winthrop's Journal."

Though so near to our largest cities and most thickly populated districts, they remained unknown except to

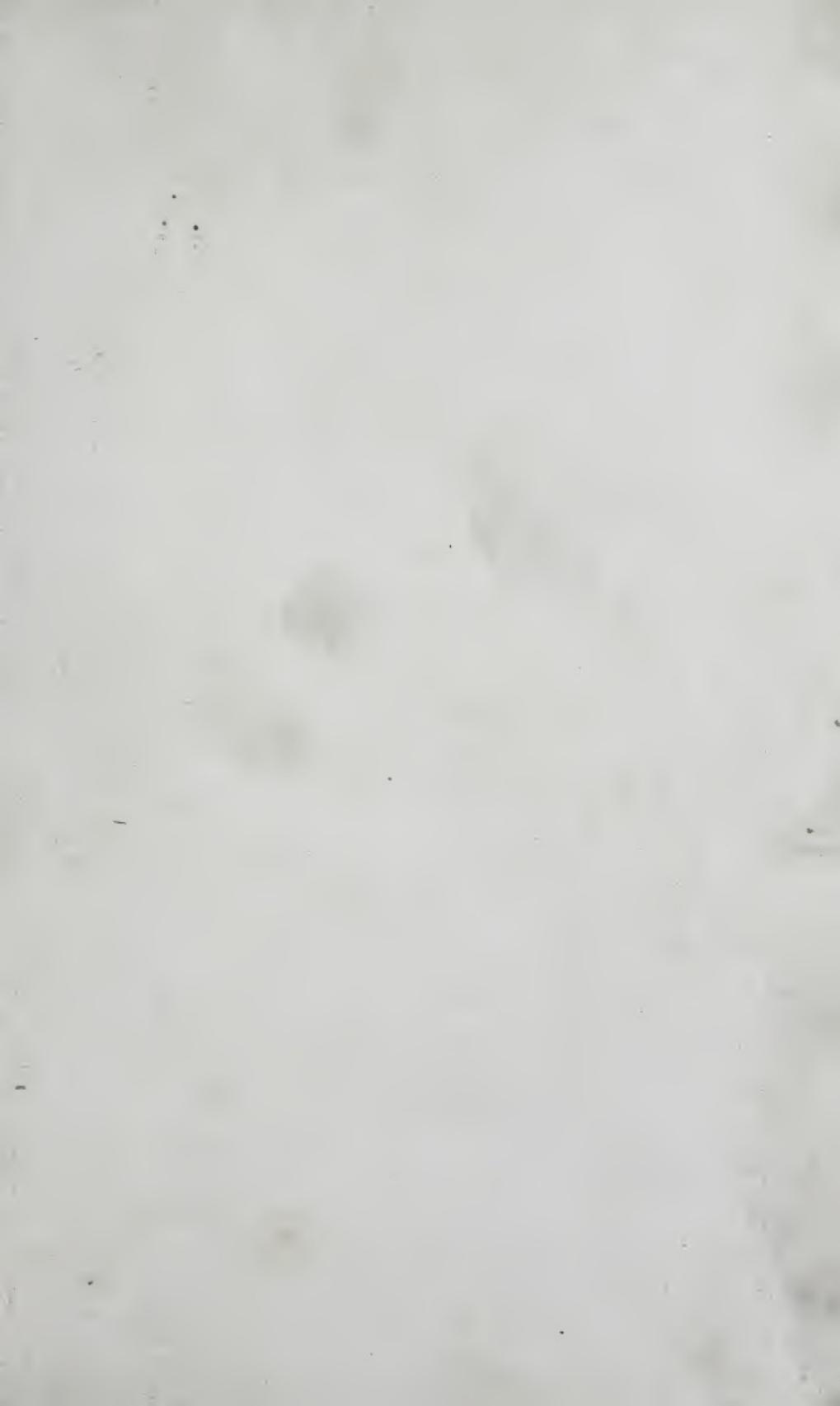
venturesome travelers in search of fresh novelties, and to the few people living in the vicinity. The beauties of the scenery were not sufficiently great to cause the discomforts of traveling to be overlooked. As late as 1792 the only settler in the region was Abel Crawford, who gained quite a reputation by acting as guide to visitors. The first hotel in the mountains was built by him in 1803, on the spot where the Fabyan House now stands. It bore no resemblance, however, to its successors of the present day, being a plain structure capable of giving temporary shelter to a few guests only.

Since 1821, when the mountains were first visited by ladies, they have become widely known and each year are visited by a large number of people. Every facility for sight-seeing has been gradually furnished as the increase of travel demanded. Several railroads land the traveler either at or within easy distance of the numerous hotels which have sprung up in the most beautiful spots, and which furnish every comfort imaginable to the city visitors. In 1855 the old bridle path to the summit of Mt. Washington was superseded by a well-built carriage road, thus rendering the ascent rapid and easy, while two houses furnished shelter to those who wished to see the sun rise and set from the summit. Within a few years a railroad has been built up the mountain, a description of which is reserved for another place.

So much has been already said by others in regard to the beauties of the scenery here that it seems superfluous for us to add anything more. Altogether, the White Mountains form one of the finest places of summer resort on our continent. The sea shore perhaps exerts more powerful attractions for some, but mountain scenery certainly engages the affections of the larger number, and while this is the case Americans will not cease to come and praise the "Switzerland of America."

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PLYMOUTH, N. H.,

IS situated on the banks of the Pemigewasset River, 125 miles from Boston, and is reached in half a day's ride by the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad. Tourists to and from the White Mountains by railroad and stage stop here to dine at the Pemigewasset House, a part of which is used as the station. From this point stages leave daily for the trip through the Pemigewasset Valley, to the Flume, Profile House, and through the Franconia Notch. Livermore Falls, on the Pemigewasset, a short distance from the village, though half artificial, is one of the prettiest of the cascades that abound on that beautiful river. Just north of the village, Baker's River contributes its waters to the Pemigewasset, which in turn joins the Merrimack, miles below, on its way to the sea. In the village stands the old building where Daniel Webster made his first legal argument.

The lamented T. Starr King says in his book "The White Hills," that "in scenery Plymouth is remarkable for the beauty of its meadows, through which the Pemigewasset winds, and for the grace of its elm-trees."

From the Summit of Prospect Mountain, near Plymouth, we get fine views of the famous lakes Winnipisaukee and Squam, while the hazy mountains in the distance make up a scene of exceeding beauty.



THE FLUME.

ONE of the chief objects of interest in the Franconia Mountains is the Flume. It is situated about three quarters of a mile from the Flume House in the forest. A short walk following the stream up toward its source, and passing on the way several beautiful Cascades, soon brings us to the narrow fissure in the mountain through which the stream flows several hundred feet, between granite walls over fifty feet high. Crossing and recrossing from one side to the other on rustic bridges and planks, laid from rock to rock, we advance toward the upper end, where the Flume contracts to a width of about ten feet, holding suspended over our heads a large boulder, which constantly seems as if about to fall and crush the venturesome traveler. By climbing the rocky cliffs one can obtain a fine view from above; a small bridge, formed of a fallen tree, crosses the fissure, and looking down, one sees the stream dancing on its way to the Pemigewasset, the boulder lightly hanging in its place, and the sight-seers wearily toiling through.

Above as well as below the Flume, and on its course through, the stream is broken into numerous small cascades and falls, which add to the wild beauty of the scene.

THE FLUME.





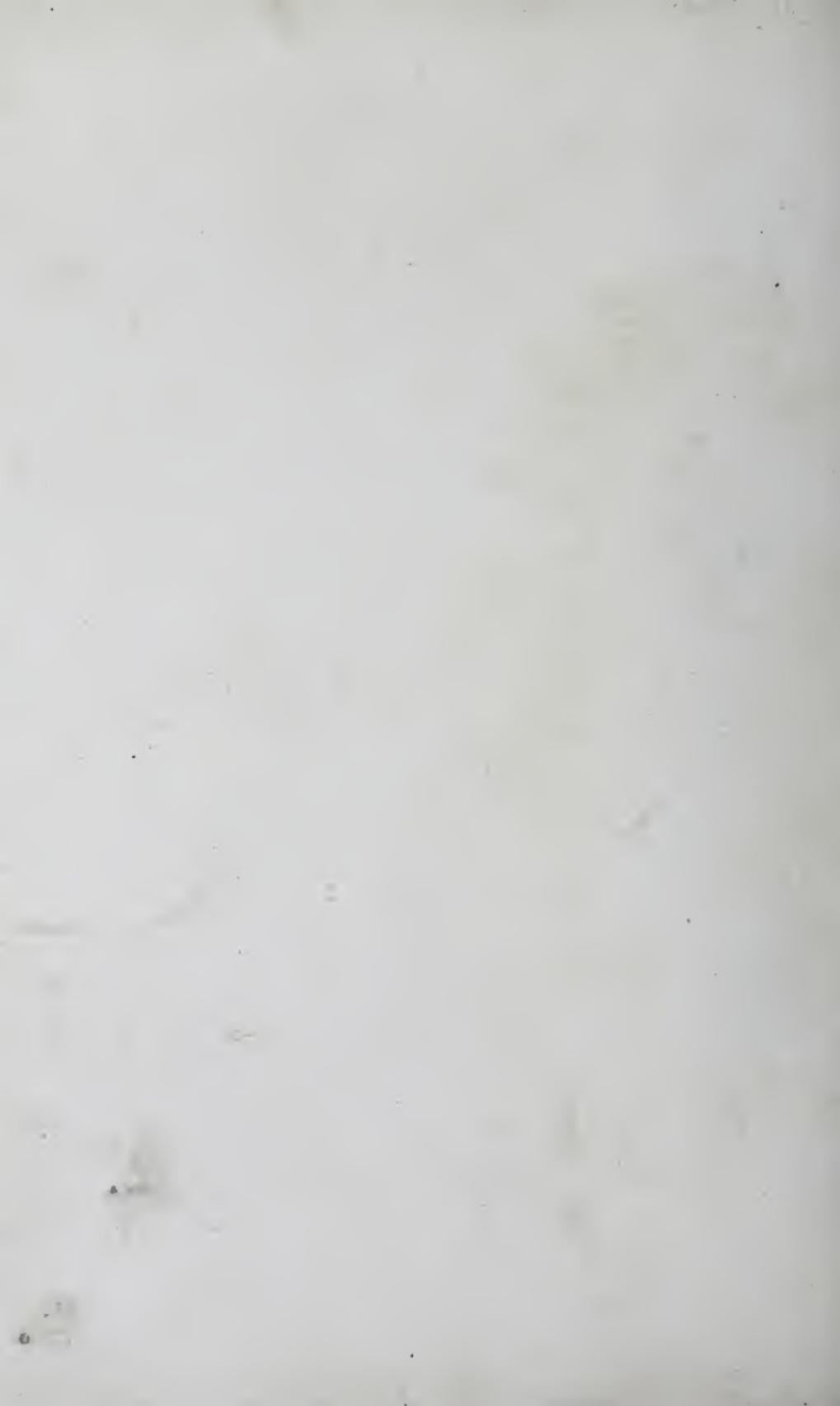
THE POOL.

TAKING a small path in front of the Flume House, a walk of three-quarters of a mile through the cool and beautiful woods, brings us to the Pool, which is very similar to the Basin, formed in the same manner, though on a grander scale. The waters of the Pemigewasset pour over a small cascade into a nearly circular excavation in the rock, about one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. The water is remarkably clear, and appears of a dark green color, owing to its great depth, nearly forty feet. An old man who has been there many years will row any one who wishes it around the Pool in his boat, for a small remuneration. Indeed, the old man is one of the attractions of the place, and is generally called the Philosopher. He propounds a curious theory concerning the form and structure of the earth, and will sell a small pamphlet setting forth his theory.

The whole course of the Pemigewasset from Profile Lake through the Basin, Pool, and on its winding way through the forest, is marked by a series of cascades, falls, and rapids, making it one of the prettiest and most attractive streams among the mountains.

THE POOL.







THE BASIN.

A FEW miles south of the Profile House the Pemigewasset River, flowing close to the roadside, falls in a small cascade into the Basin. The whirling motion of the water, carrying with it bowlders and stones, has ground this cavity into the solid granite. It is between thirty and forty feet in diameter, and the water in it is about eighteen feet deep. Even in the warmest weather of summer the water is intensely cold, and so clear that minute objects at the bottom can be distinctly seen.

The situation of the Basin, so near the road that it can easily be seen from the carriage, detracts from the beauty of this natural curiosity, which would otherwise be more generally noticed.

Just in front of the Basin, on the same side of the road, is a path leading to another series of cascades and rapids well worth visiting.

THE BASIN



THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

THE object which attracts, perhaps, more attention from visitors than any other single place in the mountains, and which all tourists never fail to see, is the "Old Man of the Mountain." It has often been the theme of prose and verse, and Hawthorne has made it the subject of one of his most delightful stories. Passing down the road some fifty rods from the Profile House, a small sign inscribed with the single word "Profile" directs the visitor's attention to the object of his search. Taking a seat on the bench by the roadside and looking up, there, 1,500 feet above the road, is the "Old Stone Face," looking over the placid lake at the mountain's base, and down the valley. With its massive forehead and chin, and sharply cut nose, it wears a stern expression, but seems a little yielding about the thin lips.

It is a colossal piece of natural sculpture formed by masses of rock jutting over one another so as to exactly resemble the human face. Its length from the chin to the top of the forehead is eighty feet; and what adds to the wonder, is the fact that the crags which form the profile are not directly under each other. Moving a few rods further down, the face becomes distorted into a toothless old woman, and gradually all resemblance to a human face is lost, and it fades away into the bare, steep cliff of Cannon Mountain.

The beautiful little lake at the mountain's base is sometimes called the "Old Man's Wash-bowl," but is more generally known as "Profile Lake."

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN



PROFILE LAKE.

THIS lovely sheet of water was formerly known as "Ferrin's Pond," but is now called by the more euphonious title of "Profile Lake." It lies near the highest part of the road through Franconia Notch, and is only a few rods from the Profile House. The springs that supply it with water are within a stone's throw of streams that flow in an opposite direction into Echo Lake, on the other side of the ridge. From the western shore the steep side of Profile or Cannon Mountain covered with trees, rises high above the bosom of the lake. Seated on the benches by the margin, we can watch the dancing image of the "Great Stone Face" inverted in the water; from this circumstance the lake has been termed by many, in fancy, the "Old Man's Mirror" or the "Old Man's Wash-bowl." Or if we wish we can have a pleasant row around the lake, calling forth the echo that exists here, but which, of course, cannot compare with its rival in another part of the Notch. From the southern end, the Pemigewasset flows, a rushing, babbling brook, abounding in beautiful rapids and cascades, and deep pools where the speckled trout lurk in the shadows. The lake is a favorite resort of fishermen, and many stories are told of enormous trout that have been drawn from its waters.



PROFILE LAKE.

ECHO LAKE.

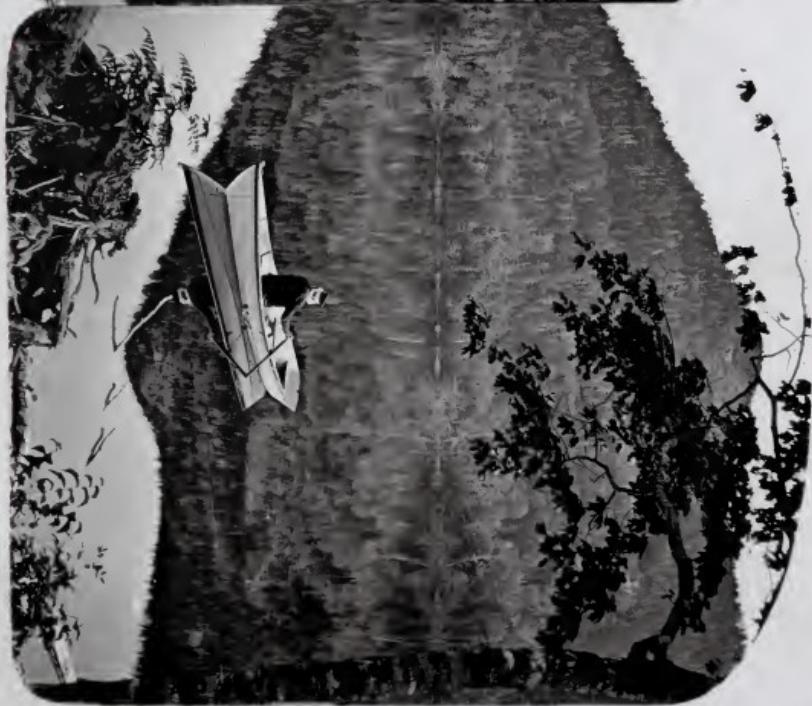
THIS beautiful lake is situated about half a mile north of the Profile House, on the road to the village of Franconia, and, as its name implies, is celebrated, and justly too, for the wonderful echo that is heard there. Its location is favorable for producing such a reputation, as it is completely walled in on all sides by Mount Cannon, Bald Mountain, and Mount Lafayette, against whose rocky sides every sound is tossed back and forth until growing fainter in the distance it is borne upward and lost in the thin air. Late in the afternoon when the mountains cast their shadows over the lake, it is visited by a large number from the hotel and vicinity, and boating parties row around wakening with their merry voices the echoes that lie sleeping here. But the human voice is not loud enough for many visitors, so a trumpet is kept at the boat-house to satisfy their longings with its more powerful tones ; or a small cannon is discharged, and then the uproar is tremendous, sounding as if a whole park of artillery were in the neighborhood.

Perhaps, to those who come here often, impressed with the unfailing charm of the spot, Wordsworth's noble description of mountain echoes, though originally written of another lake and other mountains, will not seem out of place :

“The Rock, like something starting from a sleep,
Took up the Lady's voice, and laughed again ;
That ancient Woman, seated on Helm-crag,
Was ready with her cavern ; Hammer-scar,
And the tall steep of Silver-how, sent forth
A noise of laughter ; southern Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone ;
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the Lady's voice,—old Skiddaw blew
His speaking-trumpet ;—back out of the clouds
Of Glaramara southward came the voice ;
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head.”



ECHO LAKE.



BEECHER'S CASCADES.

JUST at the west of the Crawford House is a path leading through the woods for a quarter of a mile, where we reach a brawling mountain stream, along the course of which is a succession of cascades and waterfalls.

These cascades were discovered in 1858, and were first named "Gibb's Cascades" in honor of the proprietor of the Crawford House at that time, but the name has since been changed to the one above given.

Of the three principal falls that make up the group, the middle one, which we have chosen for our illustration, is, perhaps, the most beautiful. But it is difficult to make any choice in that respect ; each has its attractions, and with their forest surroundings the series form one of the many charming spots in the Notch.



BEECHER'S CASCADES.



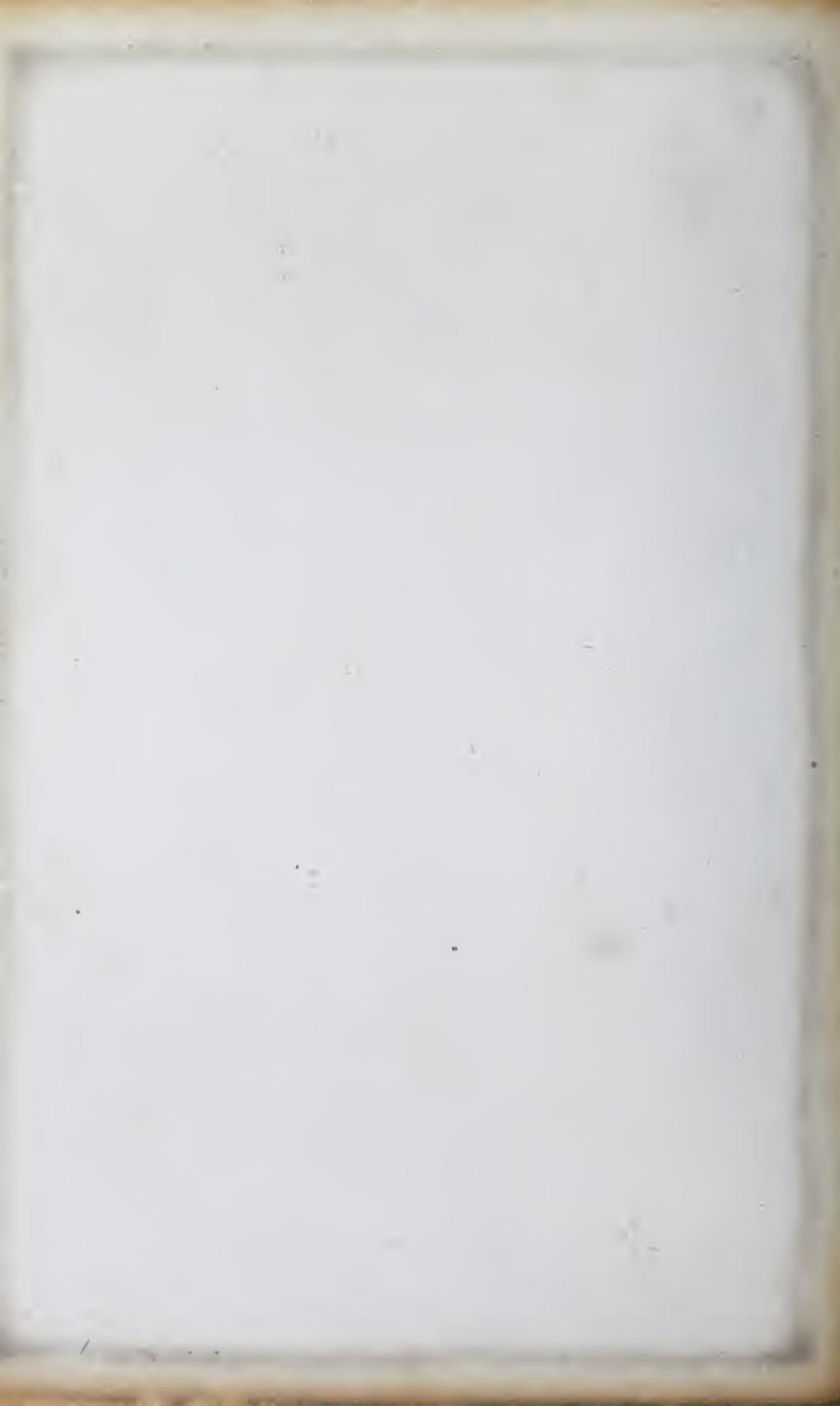
ELEPHANT'S HEAD AND GATE OF THE NOTCH.

FROM the piazza of the Crawford House the Gate of the White Mountain Notch is in full view. The rock at the left resembles the head of an elephant facing the road and apparently guarding the entrance. Near this rock the first Crawford House was built, which was afterwards destroyed by fire. In the distance the rounded dome of Mount Webster rises 2,000 feet above the Elephant's Head, forming the eastern wall of the Notch.

At the right, near the point from which our illustration is taken, is the road leading to the top of Mount Willard.



ELEPHANT'S HEAD AND GATE OF THE NOTCH.





VIEW FROM THE GATE OF THE NOTCH.

THE Saco, searching for a passage through the mountains, on its way to the ocean, flows, while yet a small brook, through the great White Mountain Notch. This natural gate-way was discovered in 1772, by a hunter named Nash, and served as a shorter route for farmers to bring their provisions from the towns below.

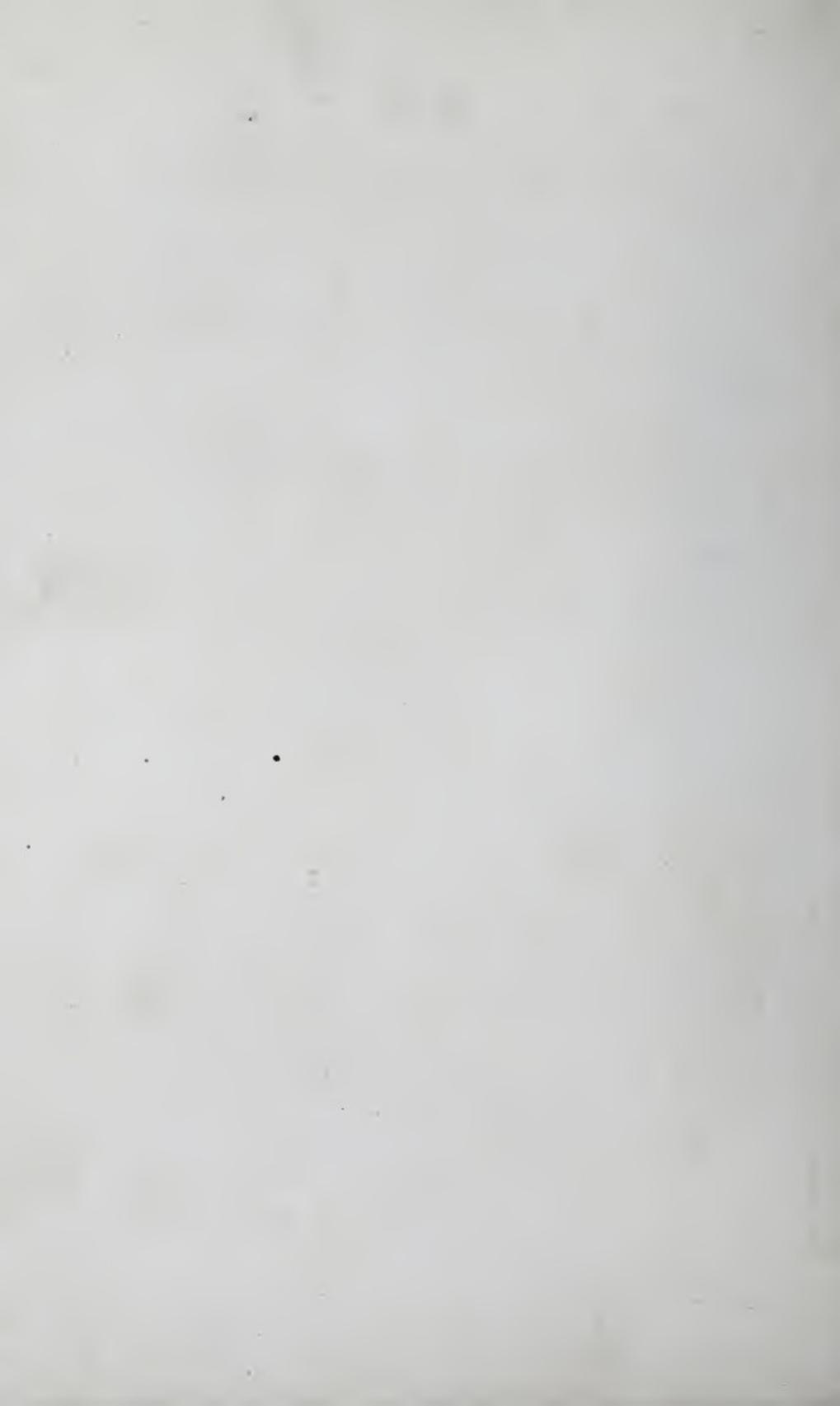
It is a dark, gloomy scene, but one of sublime grandeur. The greater part of the way is an easy ascent, with the steep walls of Mount Webster on the east and Mount Willey on the west, towering 2,000 feet above the road. Directly to the north is the frowning cliff of Mount Willard, a perpendicular wall of over 1,200 feet, which seems to bar all further progress. Just before reaching this point the hardest part of the road begins. While toiling up the rocky way, a short curve brings us to the gate of the Notch, within full view of the Crawford House, which is situated a short distance outside, on a level plateau several acres in extent.

This house is a central point from which excursions are made to the Notch, Silver Cascade, Gibb's Cascade, Mount Willard, Mount Washington, by rail or by the old bridle path.

Following in the footsteps of man, the railroad has penetrated this quiet place, and broken the solitude of the scene. Travelers to and from North Conway can now pass through the Notch by rail.

VIEW FROM THE GATE OF THE NOTCH.



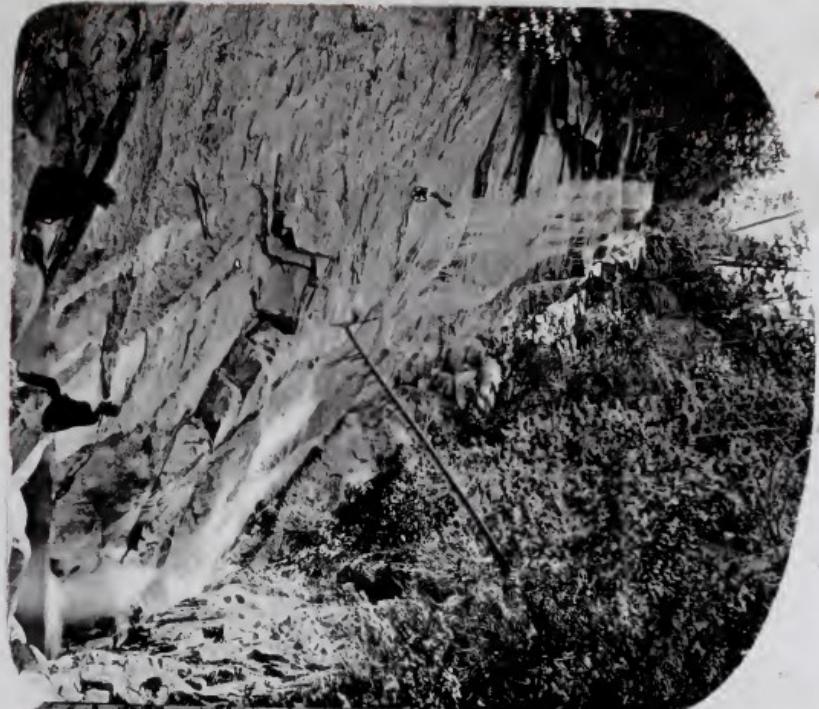


RIPLEY'S FALLS.

IN describing these falls (sometimes known as the "Sylvan Glade Cataract") we content ourselves with quoting from T. Starr King's "White Hills," feeling that his description cannot be improved:

"But a more wild and beautiful water-fall than any hitherto seen on the western side of the mountains, was discovered on Mount Willey in September, 1858, by Mr. Ripley, of North Conway, and Mr. Porter, of New York. An old fisherman had reported that he had once seen a wonderful cascade on a stream that pours down that mountain, and empties into the Saco below the Willey House. These gentlemen drove through the Notch to the second bridge below the Willey House, which crosses a stream with the unpoetical name of Cow Brook, and followed up this rivulet into the wild forest. An ascent of nearly two miles revealed to them the object of their search, inclosed between the granite walls of a very steep ravine, whose cliffs, crowned with a dense forest of spruce, are singularly grand. They saw the cascade leaping first over four rocky stair-ways, each of them about six feet high, and then gliding, at an angle of forty-five degrees, a hundred and fifty feet with many graceful curves, down a solid bed of granite into a pool below. The cascade is about seventy-five feet wide at the base, and fifty at the summit."

RIPLEY'S FALLS.



WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH FROM MOUNT WILLEY.

SINCE the Portland and Ogdensburg Railway was built through the White Mountain Notch, many fine views have been made easy of access that formerly required hours of hard climbing. All along the line of the road from North Conway to where it emerges from the shadow of the mountains at the Crawford House, magnificent views are obtained of the Saco Valley inclosed by the steep walls of Mount Webster on the east, and Mount Willey on the west. The railroad creeps along the side of the latter, crossing the track of the famous avalanche that overwhelmed the Willey family in 1826.

Our illustration is taken looking toward the north, over the tops of the forest trees, and admirably shows the curve of the valley as it sweeps from the summit of one mountain to another. Far in the distance the Willey House is seen nestling in the bottom of the valley, while above it the railroad clings to the side of Mount Willey, and farther along skirts the almost perpendicular cliffs of Mount Willard.

Many of the guests at the hotels in the vicinity take advantage of the facilities offered by the railroad company and make the trip through the Notch. Open cars are furnished, so that the traveler can enjoy an unobstructed view in every direction. The trip is a thoroughly enjoyable one, and should not be omitted.



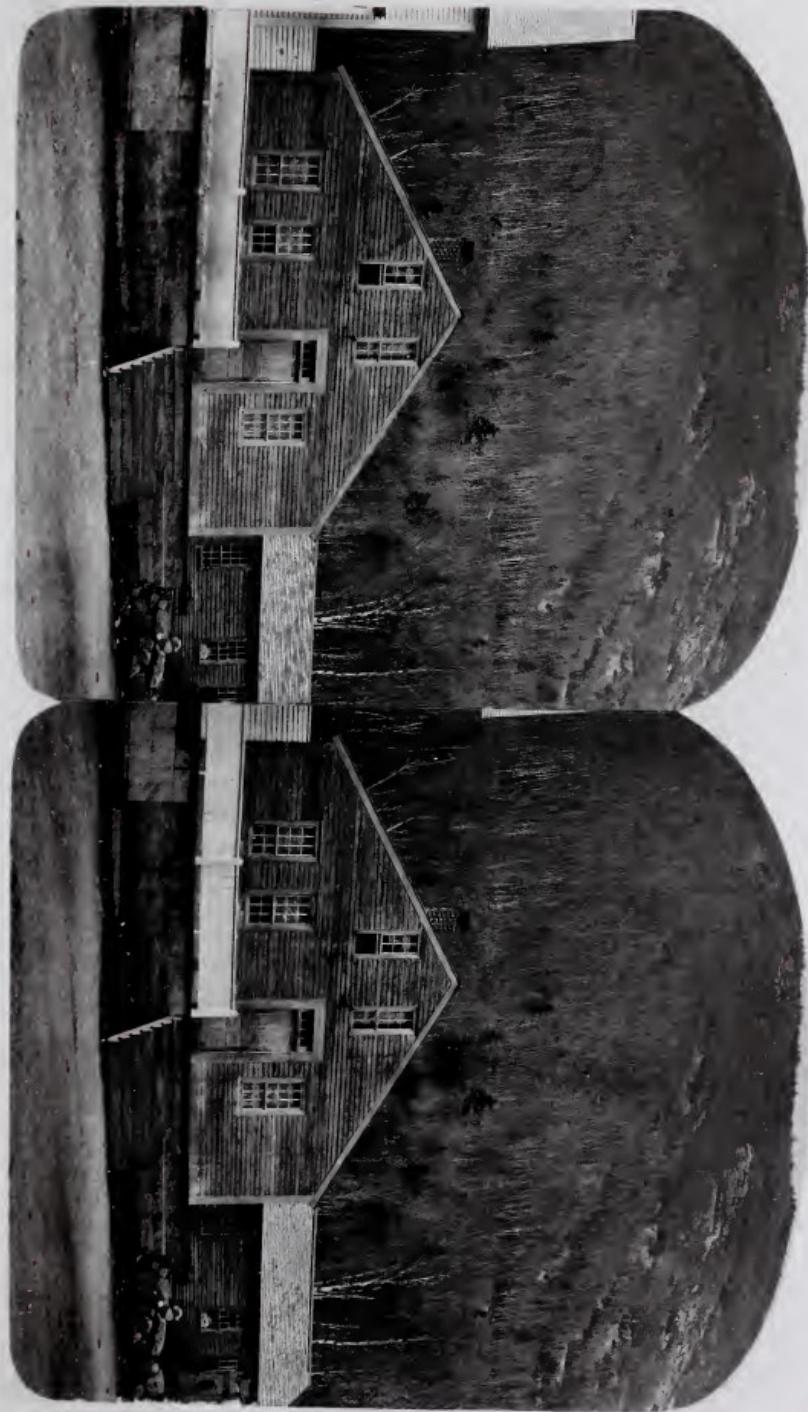
WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH FROM MOUNT WILLEY.



THE WILLEY HOUSE.

THE traveler through the White Mountain Notch is shown an old house, standing by the roadside, which is the scene of the most tragic incident which ever happened among the mountains. According to Spaulding, the Willey House was originally built in 1793, and was first occupied by Mr. Samuel Willey, Jr., and family, in the autumn of 1825. In June of the following year they noticed a large mass of earth and rock glide down the side of Mount Willey, which rises in the rear of the house, and cover the road a short distance from them. Fearing for the safety of his family, Mr. Willey built a strong hut further down the valley, whither they might flee, if any avalanche should threaten the house. Late in the summer there was a long drought, and on the 27th of August the rain commenced. For three days the tempest raged, and when it cleared at last the whole country presented a vast scene of devastation. Trees were felled in all directions, and the beds of the rivers were strewn with vast bowlders, torn from the mountains by the avalanches, which marked and scarred them on all sides. For a few days, the people in the neighboring villages were in doubt as to the fate of the Willey family, and when they entered the Notch their worst fears were realized. The house was still standing, but empty and deserted. The avalanche had split on a large rock, just back of the house, and came down on each side. After a short search, the bodies of four of the family and two hired men were discovered. Three others, a daughter and two sons, were never found. It is thought that in the darkness of night, amidst the raging of the tempest, as the family tried to escape to a place of safety, they were overtaken, and perished beneath the avalanche. Their house still stands in the dark and gloomy Notch, and behind it can be seen the rock which saved it from destruction.

THE WILLEY HOUSE.



UPPER FALLS OF THE AMMONOOSUC.

THESE falls or rapids are near the Fabyan House, not more than three miles distant from the Crawford House, and within a short distance of the Mount Washington Railway Station.

The Ammonoosuc has been called the "wildest stream in New England." It is fed from the cone of Mount Washington and the Blue Ponds near the summit of Mount Monroe, and dashes down its rocky course of thirty miles with a descent of more than five thousand feet to where it joins the Connecticut at Wells River.



UPPER FALLS OF THE AMMONOOSUC

MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY AND SUMMIT.

THIS wonderful piece of engineering was projected in 1858, when a charter was granted to Sylvester Marsh for constructing the road. The work of building was not commenced until 1866, and it occupied three years in construction.

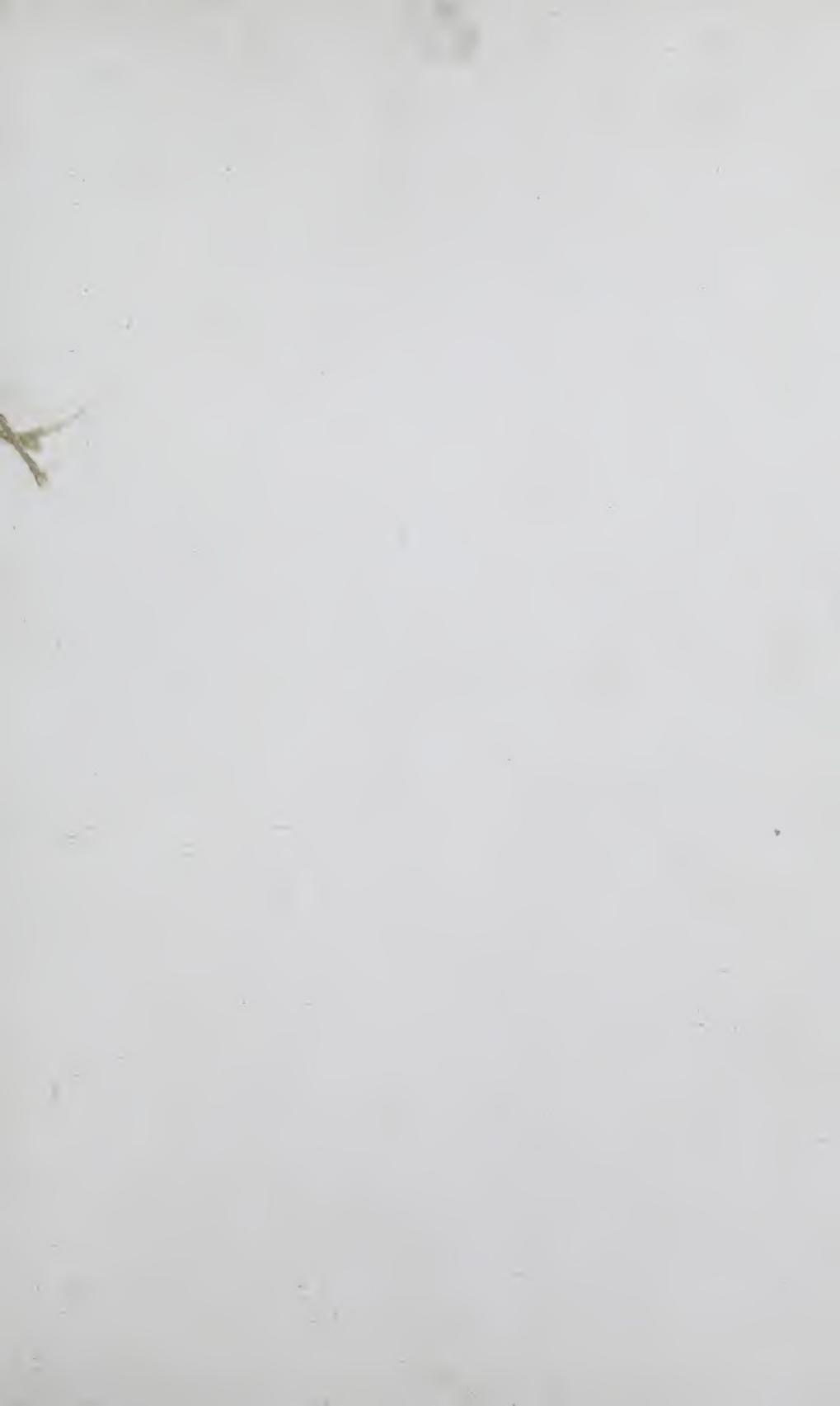
The road is nearly three miles long, and the ascent is one foot in three. In addition to the ordinary rails, it has a central double rail with cross pieces every four inches, into which a cog-wheel, driven by the locomotive, plays. Four revolutions of the engine are required for one of the driving-wheel ; the object being strength and safety rather than speed. The engine is placed below the passenger car and pushes it up the mountain at a moderately slow rate of speed. Both locomotive and car are provided with friction and atmospheric brakes, to guard against accidents, and the arrangements for safety and comfort are so complete that all fear may be laid aside. The station is near the Fabyan House, a short distance only from the Upper Falls of the Ammonoosuc. It is about three miles from the Crawford House, and ten miles from the Twin Mountain House. Two trips up and down the mountain are made each day.

The view here represented was taken near the top of the mountain. At the right of the track a rude monument marks the spot where, in 1855, Miss Lizzie Bourne died from fatigue, unable to reach the summit, which was almost in sight. Her fate was a sad one, but she was only one of a large number who at different times have lost their way and perished in the dense fogs that frequently envelop the mountain.

Once arrived at the summit, the visitor finds the old "Tip Top" and "Summit" Houses still standing, though they are used for other purposes than formerly. Their places are taken by a large and commodious house, with all the appointments of a first-class hotel. The Mount Washington Summit House stands 6,285 feet above the sea-level, and from its windows magnificent views are to be had. Sometimes on a clear day, the Atlantic Ocean can be seen at a distance of seventy-five miles. The views at sunset and at sunrise alone will repay one for the time and trouble spent in reaching the summit.

MT. WASHINGTON RAILWAY AND SUMMIT.





VIEW FROM THE MT. WASHINGTON CARRIAGE ROAD.

AMONG the different routes up Mt. Washington, the carriage road from the Glen still remains a favorite with many pleasure seekers. This road, from its starting-point to the summit, is about eight miles long, with an average rise of one foot in eight. About half way up, the road winds around the "Ledge" near which point our illustration is taken. From here upward vegetation grows more and more stunted until nearly all traces of life are lost sight of, except here and there a tuft of grass or moss among the rocks.

Looking down the mountain we catch a glimpse of the Glen and the Peabody River valley, while opposite the view is bounded by Mt. Moriah and the Carter Mountains. Down in the valley the Glen House is seen, a white spot on the landscape. This hotel was originally built in 1852, and since then has been constantly enlarged and improved, until now it is one of the largest and best known of all the mountain houses.

The Glen House is a central point for visiting some of the most striking scenes in the mountains. A few miles distant are the Emerald and Garnet Pools on the Peabody River, Thompson's Cascade, Crystal Cascade and Glen Ellis Fall. Half way up the carriage road a small path branches off to Tuckerman's Ravine, though on account of its roughness few persons take this route, preferring another that leads to the same spot from the summit.



VIEW FROM MT. WASHINGTON CARRIAGE ROAD.

MOUNT WASHINGTON FROM THE GLEN.

FROM no other point in the mountains can so distinct a view be had of the principal peaks of the range, as from the Glen. In one view Mounts Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Clay can be seen lifting toward the clouds their giant heads, seamed and scarred with the storms of centuries. A pleasant afternoon may be spent in watching, from the piazza of the hotel, the clouds, as they sweep over the summit of the mountains, often settling until they envelop and hide the peaks from the eye. The carriage road up Mount Washington begins at the door of the house, and some two hours after the carriages have started for the summit, they can be seen to emerge from the forest and follow the road around the ledge about midway of the ascent. The road is visible nearly the whole distance above the ledge ; but the distance is so great that a good glass is required to watch the movements of the carriages.

The summit is 4,653 feet above the Glen, and 6,285 feet above the level of the sea ; and, with the exception of the Black Mountains in North Carolina, is the highest point of land east of the Mississippi.



MT. WASHINGTON FROM THE GLEN.



EMERALD POOL.

ON the Peabody River, which flows directly in front of the Glen House, there are numerous pools among the rocks which form its bed. The largest of these is within a mile of the house, in the direction of Pinkham Notch. The depth of the pool and the shade of the surrounding trees lend to the water a delightful green color, that has given it its name.

The beauty of this forest gem has often been the subject of the artist's pencil. It is easily reached, not being far from the road.

EMERALD POOL.



THOMPSON'S CASCADES.

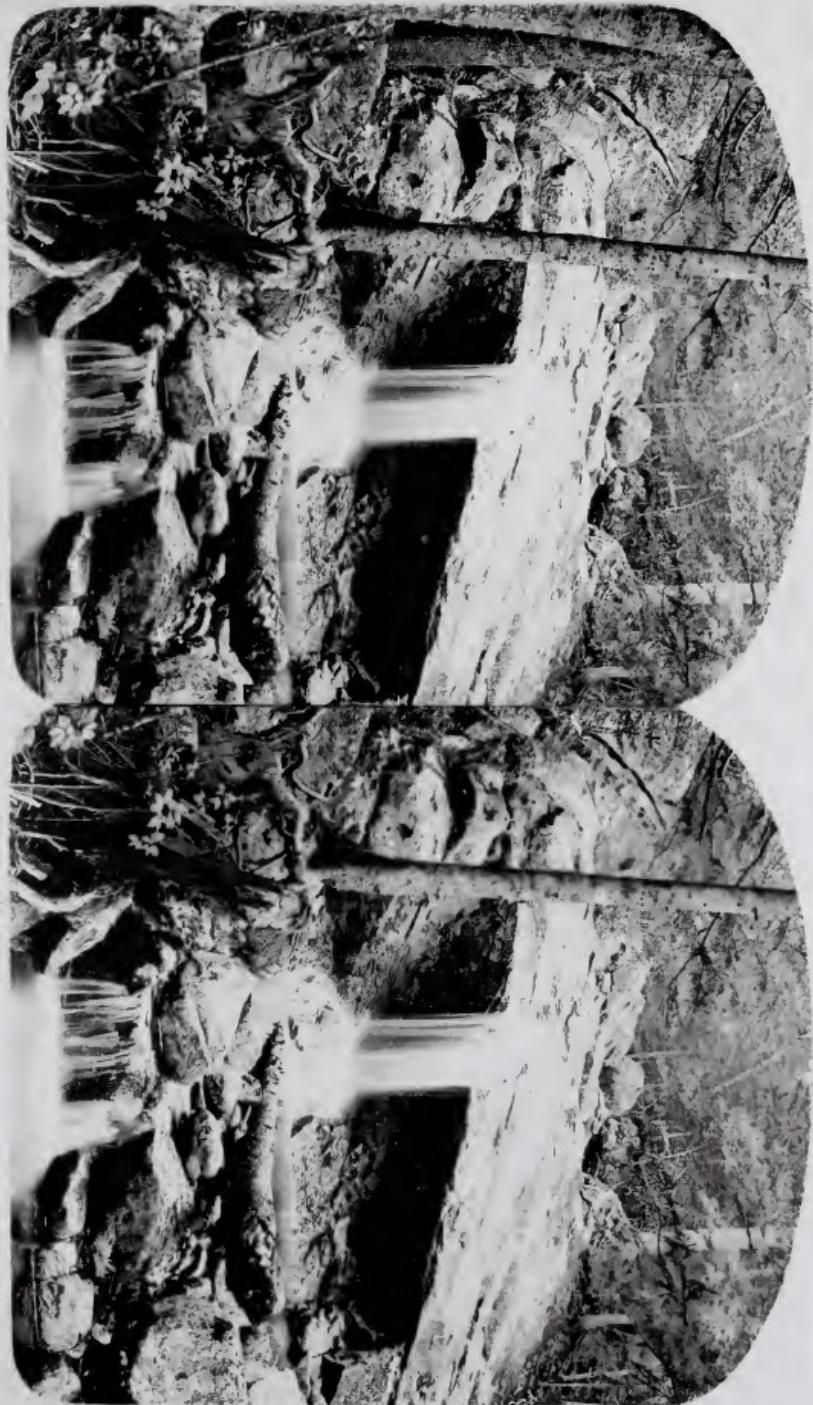
IF the visitor were prepared for roughing it and for real mountain-climbing instead of ordinary sightseeing, he might find on nearly every brook and stream in the mountains numerous pools and cascades, for the most part nameless and unknown, which would amply repay him for the trouble undergone. Indeed, a large part of the mountains remain comparatively unexplored, ready to disclose their beauties to those who search them out.

The Glen is especially rich in these hidden treasures. Two rivers take their rise here, the Ellis flowing south to the Saco, and the Peabody, which joins the Androscoggin at Gorham. These and their tributaries, besides furnishing the well-known Glen Ellis Fall and Crystal Cascade, offer many smaller but not less interesting points. One of the principal of these is Thompson's Cascades, situated about two miles from the Glen House on a small brook emptying into the Peabody River.

The quiet of the woods is only broken by the murmurs of the lively mountain brook as it dashes down the steep declivity of Mount Carter, forming a succession of the most picturesque cascades, now leaping from rock to rock, and now resting for a moment in some clear transparent pool, until at last it joins the Peabody and is hurried away.

These falls are so near the Glen House, and the walk to them so pleasant a one, that the trip should not be omitted.

THOMPSON'S CASCADES.



CRYSTAL CASCADE

IS situated about three miles from the Glen House, and one mile from Glen Ellis Falls. The best view of the fall is to be had from the mossy bank opposite to and about half as high as the cascade. The stream rushing and dashing on its way down from Tuckerman's Ravine, several miles above, takes a sudden curve at the head of the fall and sweeps, in a broken sheet, seventy feet down a sort of rocky stair-way, spreading toward one side a thin, silvery film of water, beneath which can be seen the moss-covered and stained rocks. Farther down the stream are many pleasant and beautiful little cascades which equal, if not surpass in interest, falls which call forth such ecstasy in other parts of the mountains.



CRYSTAL CASCADE.

GLEN ELLIS FALLS.

THIS cataract—the finest among the White Mountains—is on the Ellis River, about four miles from the Glen House, on the road toward Conway through Pinkham Notch.

It is within a few minutes' walk of the road, and when viewed from above, one feels in doubt as to the security of the overhanging tree against which he leans for support. The narrow stream of water rushes over the precipice and falls with a deep roar into the pool eighty feet below, finally flowing into the Saco, forming views well worthy of the artist's pencil.

To view the fall from below, we descend a staircase which lands us on the rocks immediately at the foot of the cataract, where we cross the stream to get the finest view, from which point our illustration is taken.

GLEN ELLIS FALLS.





NORTH CONWAY, N. H.

THIS lovely village is situated on the Saco River, in the most picturesque part of New Hampshire. It is twenty-five miles south of the White Mountain Notch, and 149 miles from Boston. It is reached by rail from Boston to Lake Winnipisaukee, thence by steamer to Centre Harbor and by stage to North Conway; from Portland it is reached by rail direct. The place almost owes its existence to artists, who find here the most lovely scenery to transfer to canvas. One needs to stop here several days, or even weeks, and to see the mountains at different times, in order to realize the wonderful beauty of the scene. From North Conway can be had the finest view of the chain of the White Mountains and also the Franconia range. In clear weather the houses on the summit of Mount Washington can be seen with the naked eye. The chief place of interest in the vicinity is Mount Kiarsarge, from the summit of which a fine view is had in all directions. Among other places of interest are the White Horse and Hart's Ledges, Echo Lake, Thompson's Falls, Diana's Bath, The Cathedral, Artist's Brook and Falls, Swift River Falls, the picturesque intervals, and magnificent groves, worthy to be successors of the academic groves of Greece.

Weeks can be spent here with unceasing pleasure, viewing the distant mountains at all hours. When they are tinged with the gorgeous hues of sunset, during the sudden storms which often burst over them, in the intense glare of noonday, and when the cool shadows of evening creep up their sides, until they are wrapped in the darkness of night. It is a place long to be remembered, and we leave it with regret.

NORTH CONWAY, N. H.



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THE CATHEDRAL.

A BOUT three miles from the Kiarsarge House, on the other side of the Saco, in North Conway, and an easy climb on the side of the Ledge, is a large cavity in the rocks, about forty feet deep and sixty feet high, called the Cathedral. It has a smooth, level floor, and the trees ranged round the opening resemble columns supporting the Gothic arches formed by the boughs.

A fine view of Mount Kiarsarge is obtained from this place.



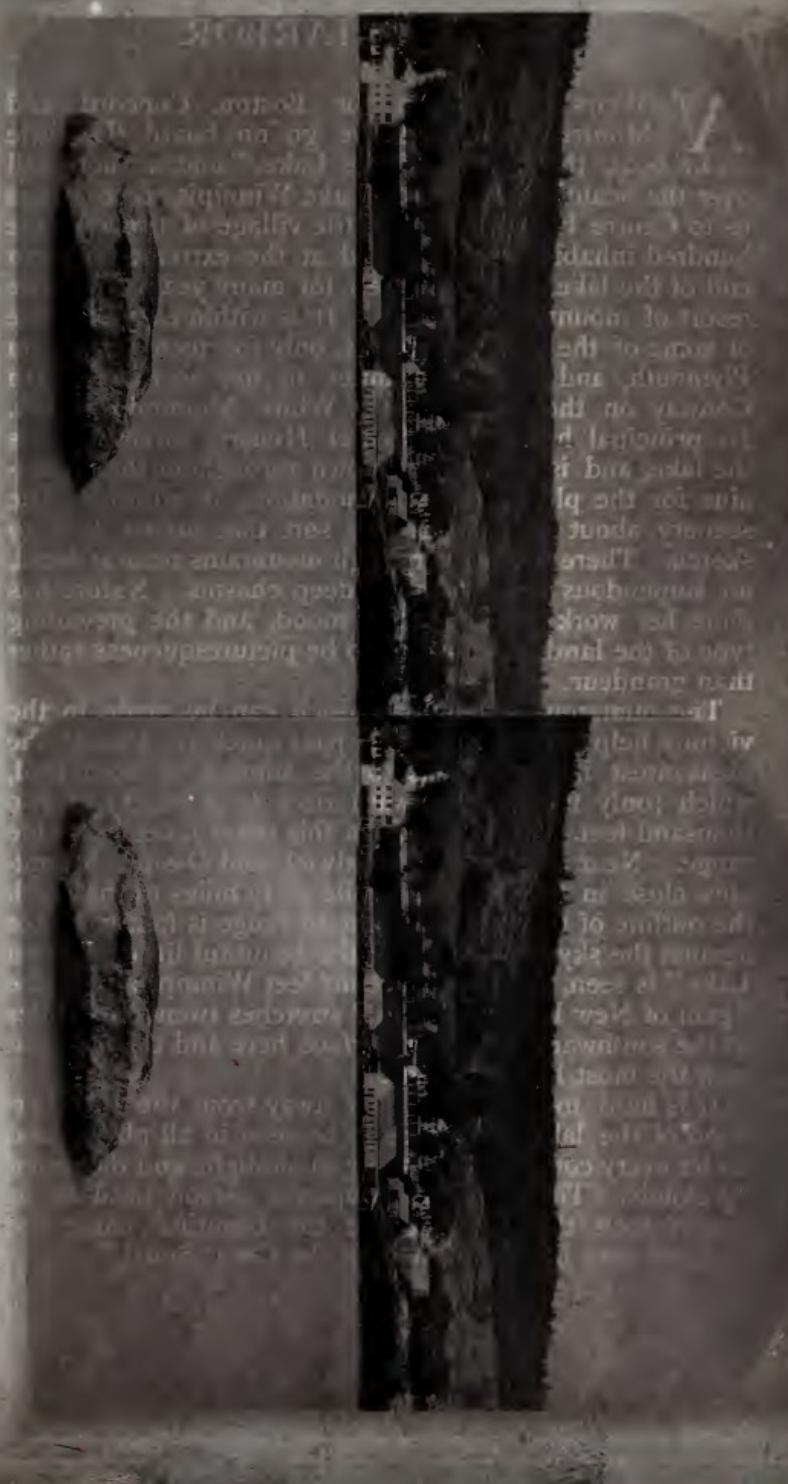
THE CATHEDRAL.

CENTRE HARBOR.

AT Weirs Station, on the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, we go on board the little steam boat, the "Lady of the Lake," and a short sail over the beautiful waters of Lake Winnipisaukee brings us to Centre Harbor. This little village of two or three hundred inhabitants is located at the extreme northern end of the lake, and has been for many years a favorite resort of mountain travelers. It is within easy distance of some of the principal towns, only fourteen miles from Plymouth, and thirty-five miles to the north is North Conway on the road to the White Mountain Notch. Its principal hotel, the "Senter House," directly fronts the lake, and is favorably known throughout the mountains for the pleasant accommodations it affords. The scenery about here is of the sort that artists love to sketch. There are no very high mountains near at hand, no stupendous water-falls or deep chasms. Nature has done her work in a gentler mood, and the prevailing type of the landscape seems to be picturesqueness rather than grandeur.

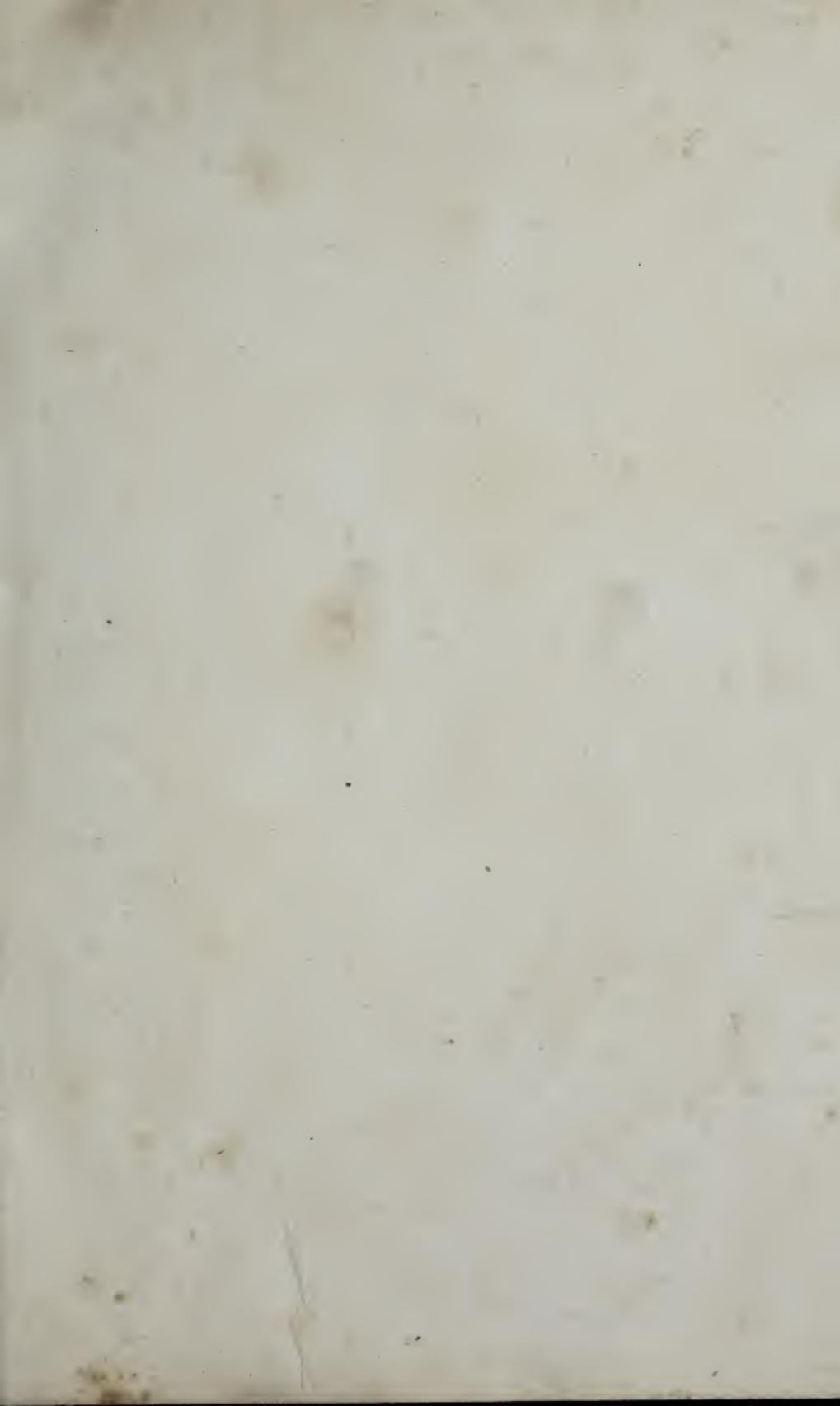
The numerous excursions which can be made in the vicinity help to make the time pass quickly. One of the pleasantest imaginable is to the summit of Red Hill, which (only five miles away) rises to a height of two thousand feet. The view from this point takes in a wide range. Near at hand the Sandwich and Ossipee Mountains close in the horizon, while sixty miles to the north the outline of the White Mountain range is faintly visible against the sky. On one side the beautiful little "Squam Lake" is seen, and right at our feet Winnipisaukee, the "gem of New England lakes," stretches twenty-five miles to the southward, its calm surface here and there dotted with the most lovely islands.

It is hard to tear one's self away from the neighborhood of the lake. It needs to be seen in all phases and under every condition ; flashing in sunlight and darkened by clouds. The scene grows upon a person until he at length feels the full force of the beautiful name the Indians gave it : "The smile of the Great Spirit."



CENTRE HARBOR.





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